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TO THE
ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH
OF
SOUTHWARK.

*On the recent humbug celebration
of "Purity of Election."*

Kensington, 3 July, 1823.
GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE no doubt that the far greater part of you are desirous to promote the welfare of your country. I have no doubt that you are animated by real public spirit, and that you heartily abhor those vermin that fatten upon their sham pretensions in favour of public liberty. Yet, strange as it may seem, you, by your conduct, actually favour that duplicity which you detest, that sham patriotism which has really done more mischief than boroughmongering itself. You consist of several thousands, and it appears that two hundred and fifty only,

assembled to give countenance to this humbug, on the 26th of this last month. Being a Surrey man myself, I would gladly believe, that this two hundred and fifty were not a fair sample of the rest of you; but, I must not play the hypocrite; and I cannot but confess that the humbug was very dishonourable to a town which ought to have possessed too much sense to be imposed upon by a set of contemptible politicians, and too much virtue to contain two hundred and fifty men capable of giving their countenance to so flagrant a humbug. Long has the nation been contending for a reform of the Parliament; but, if we are to judge from your conduct; if the conduct of the whole of the people of this kingdom would be such as yours and that of Westminster have been; if the whole of the people of England were disposed to act in case of elections, as you have in the case of your elections, to what end should we ask for a reform of the Parliament? What two bo-

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roughmongers could rule you with more absolute sway than your two Rump Committees rule you ; what man that bought his seat of a boroughmonger could hold it more independent of the electors than the four members of these two places hold their seats ! The Whigs, whenever I thwart them in their projects for getting hold of the public money, cry out that I am in the pay of the Ministers. How loudly, then, will this crew of petty impostors set up this cry when I tell you of the impositions they are practising upon you ? Let them bawl, however : I shall proceed in the performance of my duty.

The subject of this meeting was, it seems, "*Purity of Election* ;" that second-hand farce which is intended to make you the dupes of Sir Robert Wilson as long as he stands in need of a seat in parliament. Extremely *pure* your elections must have been. You must have been animated with surprising purity, when your choice fell upon your two present members. As to Mr. Calvert, no question that your motive in choosing him must have been as pure as the delightful stuff that comes out of his *barrels*. That stuff is firmly upheld by a great many persons who talk much

about *liberty*. They are very fond of liberty ; but they do not carry their ideas of liberty so outrageously far as to think it right that the people should purchase their beer of whom they please. These great patriots made a figure at this "*Purity of Election*" Dinner ; Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Hobhouse. The first deals in hops, the second in beer, and the father of the third in beer and bank-notes and Nabob of Arcot's debts. Now, it is very curious, that these three members, one a Member for the City of London, one a Member for the County of Middlesex, one a Member for the City of Westminster, should have been, not only not for, but *against every attempt that has been made to put an end to the monopoly of the big brewers*, and even, against every attempt that has been made to mitigate that cruel monopoly, which operates, too, let it be observed, with a peculiar weight of injustice on the very people of which these three men are called the representatives.

It is notorious that the brewers are the owners of the licensed houses. It is notorious that the persons who occupy those houses must sell the beer of these brewers ; that they are the mere servants, or, rather, slaves of these brewers,

and that, of course, the labouring classes of the community are compelled to swallow whatever these brewers choose to put into those houses, or to drink water. They cannot drink water: habit has rendered that impossible; and thus they are rendered tributary to these monstrous brewing establishments. There was no man of any justice who did not wish to see this changed in some way or other. Last year Mr. Brougham proposed to bring in a bill which would, at any rate, have produced a mitigation of this tyranny of the big brewers. So far was he from being supported by those members who acted the conspicuous parts in this humbug of yours; so far from being supported, that he found amongst them his most strenuous opponents. Loud, indeed, we now find them, in favour of the liberties of the Spaniards; but not less loud than they were in support of the monopoly of the brewers. Theirs is a droll idea relative to *liberty*. They never appear to look at the fruit which their liberty is to bear. The liberty that we ought to seek is that which will give us the best chance of easy and happy lives; of being well clothed and well fed; of having good victuals and good wholesome

drink; of not being exposed to be plundered and poisoned by brewers and their druggists. These heroes of yours seem to have no idea of this sort of liberty. Their liberty is a thing that consists of noise. In short, what they mean by liberty is, to be free to get good pickings themselves, to be kept in a place or in power of some sort or other, and to be able to impose upon the public and to pass for most wise and disinterested men.

There have been many of these humbug dinners and meetings; but, it has rarely happened that any one of them has exhibited a greater portion of folly and of impudence than was exhibited upon this occasion. The two great intended heroes of the day, Mr. Lambton and Sir Francis Burdett, slipped out of the concern; and *how* they did this we shall presently see; for, foolish, contemptible, despicable as the whole thing is in itself; humbug as it is, it is *mischievous humbug*. It is laughed at here upon the spot; but it gets into print, and is circulated over the country. That which is in print is too apt to pass current; and therefore it is necessary that the humbug be exposed. The parties shall not say that I garble their proceedings, or that I mis-

represent them. I will insert those proceedings entire, as I find them reported in the *Morning Chronicle*; and when I have so done, I will remark upon them. I beg the reader to go patiently through them; they exhibit an instance of the lengths to which impudence, hypocrisy, and folly, are capable of going; and as such, they are worthy of attentive perusal. Above all things, it is necessary for us to see what men are capable of doing, who are regarded as being in the situation which we want to see all men in respecting elections. This Borough of Southwark votes by *scot and lot*. Here then we see what they are capable of doing. I shall be told, that if I prove these people to have acted a foolish and a base part, I shall prove that a reform of the Parliament would do no good. I deny this, though I shall not here enter into the grounds upon which I make my denial; but I would much rather admit it, than I would suppress my opinions with regard to this despicable humbug. I say, that no four boroughmongers could do worse for these three masses of population, London, Middlesex, Westminster, and Southwark, than is now done for them. To be sure, the City has its Common Council. I am aware of the *purity* which

must prevail in the elections of that council; I am not ignorant of the inestimable benefit of possessing the council of such men as *Thomas Curzon Hansard*. But, I am now speaking merely of the Members of Parliament; and I ask what it is that four boroughmongers could have done which has not, in these four great places, been done by *Rumps* and by combinations and tricks of one sort and another. Is not a borough-raonger's man as good as a brewer's man? However, let us hear what this precious knot of humbug politicians put forth upon this occasion; let us hear that first, and then proceed with our remarks.

SOUTHWARK.

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The Independent Electors of the Borough of Southwark yesterday held their Fifth Anniversary of the Purity of Election in the Borough of Southwark.

At five o'clock, about 250 of the Electors had assembled in the Dining Room at the Horns, Kennington.

Soon after that hour the Committee entered the Room, ushering in Lord Erskine, Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. J. Williams, M. P., Mr. Hume, M. P., &c.

Mr. Alderman Wood here stated, that Mr. Lambton, who had been expected to preside as Chairman, had been prevented by illness from attending;—under these circumstances, he had been requested by

some Gentlemen of the Committee to take the Chair, which being an election, he did not decline to do. He felt, however, that the Meeting must labour under much disadvantage in having him for their Chairman, in place of the Honourable Member who had been announced as the person to fill that office.

The following letter from Mr. Lambton was then read:—

“Cleveland Row, June 26.

“My Dear Sir—It is with deep regret that I have to announce to you my utter inability to attend the Southwark Dinner this day, in consequence of a severe indisposition which has confined me to my room since Friday last. I did not give up the hope of being able to go until the last moment; but I now find it quite impossible. This is to me a severe disappointment, as I had anxiously looked for this opportunity of proving to the Electors of Southwark how highly I value their exertions in the cause of independence; and how willing I am to contribute any slight services which it may be in my power to render in furtherance of that important object.

“I had also anticipated the greatest pleasure in witnessing their cordial approbation of the step taken by my Gallant Friend, Sir R. Wilson; a step which not only they, his constituents, must approve of and admire, but which entitles him to the respect and gratitude of every lover of liberty and national independence. It was sufficient for him to know that the strong and powerful of the Continent were all arrayed against the weak and defenceless—that the time was come when it was to be decided whether liberty and knowledge, or slavery and mental debasement, were to rule the earth—whether the legitimate few were to be allowed with impunity to tyrannize over, imprison, and murder

the enslaved many. It was sufficient for him to know that for these purposes the Bourbons were about to overrun Spain, destroy her Representative system, annihilate her free institutions, and re-establish a despotism founded on ignorance and superstition.

“’Twas then that he felt delay would be a crime of the deepest magnitude against those principles which he entertained in common with his constituents; at great personal sacrifice of convenience and fortune he left England; his very landing on the shores of Spain was productive of the most beneficial effects—and all who know his military talents, his extraordinary bravery, his unbending determination, his energy, and activity, must anticipate, as I do, a series of actions which will not only confer honour on him, but on his country, of whose wishes and sentiments he is the true Representative.

“With regard to the cause in which he is embarked, I need only repeat my firm belief that it must ultimately be victorious. I care not for temporary successes—the French armies may extend themselves from the Pyrenees to the walls of Cadiz—they may corrupt the weak and the base in which every country abounds, and with these materials form Regencies and issue boasting proclamations—still their work of subjugation is not the less distant from its final completion. The unconquerable, never-dying spirit of liberty may be smothered for the moment, but a spark will always remain from which Spanish valour and patriotism will raise a flame which must eventually consume their oppressors.

“Requesting you once more to convey my sincere regrets to the Meeting, I beg to subscribe myself

“Yours, very truly,

“JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON.

“George Weatherstone, Esq.”

Mr. Alderman Wood then took the Chair, and dinner was served up.—The band played.

The cloth having been removed, the following Toasts were proposed:—

“The King, and may he ever remember the principles which seated his family upon the throne,” with three times three.—Tune, ‘God save the King.’

“The Sovereignty of the People,” with three times three.—Tune, ‘Come if you dare.’

“A speedy and effective Reform in the Commons’ House of Parliament,” with three times three.—Tune, ‘The Tigt Little Island.’

Mr. Alderman Wood then proposed the following Toast—“Their worthy and patriotic Representative, Sir R. Wilson; and may the spirit which he has evinced in the cause of freedom lead to the destruction of the Bourbon tyranny,” with three times three.—Tune, ‘See, the conquering Hero comes.’

Mr. Weatherstone returned thanks on the part of his Gallant Friend and Representative, Sir R. Wilson, upon whose part he was most desirous to express his acknowledgments of the very handsome manner in which they had drunk that gentleman’s health. He could not trust his feelings further than by drinking their healths in return. [Hear, hear!]

The Chairman said, he had next to propose the health of a Noble Lord, whose name was sufficient to call forth the warmest plaudits of the Meeting. He proposed the “Health of Lord Erskine, and Trial by Jury” [loud and repeated cheering, and clapping of hands].

Lord Erskine stood forward, evidently much affected, but the continued cheers and applauses of the Meeting prevented him from speaking for some time. Silence having been at length obtained, his Lordship proceeded. He must, indeed,

be more than insensible, if he felt not the kind and warm gratulations with which the Meeting had hailed his appearance amongst them. [Cheers]. He was anxious to take that opportunity of expressing the great delight and satisfaction he felt at having received the invitation of the Committee to attend that dinner; he attended it with much pleasure, not only from a feeling that he was advancing the cause of independence in Spain, but because he was also aware that he was at the same time advancing the cause of liberty throughout the world. [Cheers]. They were there assembled to celebrate the Triumph of Purity of Election in the person of their Hon. Representative (Sir Robert Wilson), who had left his home, his friends, his dearest kindred. He had volunteered in the cause of Spain, without either personal advantage, or a prospect of personal reward. He had gone forth in the cause of Liberty amidst many difficulties, perils, and personal privations. If this cause were the cause of Spain only, what did not his Hon. Friend (Sir Robert Wilson) deserve of the country? [Hear, hear!] But this was not the cause of Spain only—it was the cause of England—it was the cause of the whole civilized world. [Cheers.] He felt no hesitation in stating, that the aggressions now attempted to be made in Europe were such, that, unless checked in time, the present system would be more fatal to the liberties of mankind, than was the subversion of the Roman empire by the Goths and Vandals of that period. For, be it remembered, that the seeds of liberty were to be found in the minds of the barbarians who did this, and that the embryo of the Trial by Jury was even then found to be amongst them. [Cheers]. How different was the feeling of the self-called Holy Alliance! They were anxious to overthrow, not a degenerate, but an improving world.

[Cheers]. Ought England to submit to such a system; or if the English government did, ought the people of England to submit to it? [No, no!] It had been said, but falsely said, that the people of England were, or had, at any time within our memory, inclined to subvert the monarchy. He had a right to state the contrary, because he had long since proved it in a court of justice. [Cheers]. He repeated, that it was false to impute any such charge to any respectable gentleman or the subjects of this country. Amongst free people there necessarily must be a great variety of opinions in support of the cause of freedom; but that any attempt had been made, or was intended to be made against the sovereignty, or against the aristocracy of the country, of which he was by birth a member, he most decidedly denied. Unless a reform in Parliament took place, it would be impossible for the most wise, the most honest, the most industrious, or the most illustrious Minister in this country to carry on the Government with effect. [Applause]. But with that reform every thing was possible; it would at once enable them to put down those cold blooded betrayers of liberty who were endeavouring at present to hold themselves up as its supporters. [Loud cheering.] His life was drawing to a close, and it was not likely that he should have many other opportunities of expressing his opinions upon this great question. He had been alluded to with great kindness; matters had been stated in his favour which were purely accidental, and without which his life might have passed unnoticed and unknown. [Cheers, and cries of "No, no."] The noble Lord, after some further observations, which a want of space prevents us from stating, said, that as long as the Trial by Jury was preserved, so long were they in a fair way to gain the other objects for which they so anxiously sought.

The Noble Lord sat down amidst loud and repeated cheers.

A letter was here read from Sir F. Burdett, who apologized for his absence by stating that he laboured under a severe fit of the gout. The Honourable Baronet expressed his full concurrence in the objects of *the men* of Southwark, who had so honourably shewn their independence in electing a Representative who was so ready and anxious to advocate the wants and wishes of his constituents. [Hear, hear, hear!]

Mr. Weatherstone, in proposing the health of Mr. Lambton, pronounced a warm and well-merited eulogium upon the patriotic and public spirit of that honourable gentleman. He then proposed,

"The health of John George Lambton, Esq. the zealous and undaunted advocate of public liberty," with three times three. [Loud and repeated cheering!]

The next Toast was,—“John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. the able and intrepid defender of public rights.” [Cheers!]

Mr. Hobhouse, in rising to return thanks, was received with reiterated cheers and clapping of hands. Before he went further he begged to return to the Meeting, on the part of his Honourable Colleague, Sir F. Burdett, who was prevented by sickness from attending upon that occasion, his sincere and heartfelt thanks for the honour they had done him. The Borough of Southwark had long been distinguished for patriotism and disinterestedness in the cause of public liberty. It had fallen to the lot of that borough to shew what sort of men the people of England ought to return to Parliament as their Representatives. They had all heard with delight the eloquent speech of the Noble Lord (Erskine) who had addressed them; but there was one expression in the Noble Lord's speech which he, with all respect, felt inclined to find fault with. The Noble

Lord had talked of dying! why a man like Lord Erskine could never die. [Cheers]. The able, the strenuous exertions of his Noble Friend in the cause of public liberty, were as immortal as the genius which gave birth to the eloquence with which he supported that cause. [Loud cheers]. Let not that Noble Lord think that when the common fate of humanity should remove him from us, and place him amongst the great and patriotic men who had gone before him, that his name would be at once and for ever forgotten. Little, indeed, would be the inducement to struggle through the daily toil and nightly labours in which men were engaged, if the term of their lives was also to limit the extension of their names and of their acts. No, thanks be to God, men held no such opinions. On the contrary, they cheerfully sowed the seeds of Liberty, with the perfect consciousness that though they themselves might not witness their arrival at maturity, they were certain that from those seeds would grow up a strong and flourishing tree, under whose shade their posterity might repose in security [loud cheers]. It was natural upon an occasion like the present to advert to the part which their Gallant and Patriotic Representative had taken in the cause of Spain. For himself, he saw nothing ought to induce the people of England to despair of that glorious triumph which they were anxious to obtain for the cause of liberty. The present struggle was not confined to Spain alone, it involved the destinies of Europe—upon the sacred soil of Spain (sacred because bathed with the blood of freemen) was now to be tried whether or not a successful resistance might not be made against that confederation of despots who attempted to trample down the rights and liberties of mankind [cheers], but it was not against the

open foes of liberty only that they had to contend—they had also to defend themselves against pretended friends. [Hear, hear, hear!] He blushed to think that England, heretofore the foremost in support of the sacred cause of Liberty, had, by its Ministers, been placed in the rear of despotism. [Cheers]. Still, however, he felt that there was no reason to despair of the cause of Spain. The French, since their invasion of that country, had not taken a single fortified place, from the Pyrenees to the walls of Cadiz. In his opinion, the contest had not yet begun. It was stated that the Spaniards were in a state of apathy, but from whom did this statement come? From the enemies, who were vainly trying to subjugate them. The Honourable Gentleman, after some further remarks, which a want of space obliges us to omit, concluded by thanking the Meeting for the honour they had done him.

The next Toast was—

“J. Hume, Esq. the active and persevering economist, and the strenuous opposer of public abuses.”

Mr. *Hume* returned thanks in a speech of considerable length, which a want of room prevents us from inserting.

The *Chairman* next proposed the “Health of Samuel Whitbread, Esq. Member for Middlesex.” [Applause].

Mr. *Whitbread*, in returning thanks, assured the Electors of Southwark, that he went to the full extent with them in wishing the most complete success to the honourable though hazardous mission in which his Gallant Friend and their Honourable Representative was engaged. [Loud cheers]. He had been prevented from coming to the Meeting earlier in the evening, as he had been attending the canvass of a friend of his at Hertford, and whose election he consi-

dered to be pretty certain. [Applause].

The next Toast was—

“John Williams, Esq. Member for Lincoln, and the independence of the English Bar.” [Applause].

Mr. Williams presented himself to the Meeting, and was received with such loud and reiterated shouts of applause that he found it impossible for several minutes to obtain a hearing. Silence having been at length obtained, the Learned Gentleman proceeded to express, in the most eloquent terms, his approbation of the glorious cause in which his Gallant Friend, Sir R. Wilson, had so honourably engaged. The Spaniards were bound in policy as well as in honour to defend themselves; what were they likely to gain by a different course of proceeding? Let them look to recent history. What had the Neapolitans gained by their cowardice? The Neapolitans thought by a base and grovelling submission to secure an ignoble but easy slavery. But how did the facts turn out? They found that by deserting the path of glory, which might also have proved the path of safety, they had sunk under the whips and lashes of their tyrants;—they were startled at the bayonets of their oppressors; they had, in fact, become the slaves of slaves [loud cheers]. For the respect to his Gallant Friend, he had only to state, that he congratulated the Electors of Southwark upon having selected so worthy a Representative, while at the same time he congratulated his Gallant Friend upon enjoying the confidence of so respectable a body. [Applause]. Whatever might be the result of the Spanish campaign, and he had no reason to doubt of its success, he could assure the Meeting that their Gallant Representative would return with an equal deserving of the honour which they had originally conferred equally upon them-

selves and upon him;—he would return worthy of that public approbation, and those private benedictions which had attended his parting [loud cheers].

Colonel Torrens said he rose in obedience to the Committee to propose a Toast. But before he proposed that toast, he begged to offer a few words. Regret had been expressed at the absence of their Gallant Representative; but he, though absent in person, was present in spirit; for men connected in the cause of liberty were together in spirit though bodily absent. It had been urged on various occasions that soldiers were opposed to public liberty; this, as a principle, he begged leave to deny. Caesar, a soldier, subverted the liberties of Rome; but he it recollected that Brutus, also a soldier, stabbed the tyrant to the heart. [Hear, hear, hear!] He might refer with safety to the pages of history, in order to shew that soldiers had at earlier periods been the advocates of liberty in this country. Was it not the Barons of England who, in their coats of mail, with the tent for their council chamber, obtained for England those rights and privileges which they now enjoyed? [Hear, hear!] Had not Andrea Doria, the liberator of Genoa, been a military man [loud cheers]? Was not William Tell, the liberator of Switzerland, also a soldier? Was not Prince Maurice, who, with Count Egmont, vindicated the freedom of the Netherlands? And last, though not least, was not the immortal Washington also a soldier? [Cheers] Sir Robert Wilson was at present the Washington of this country, going to aid Spain [cheers]. For himself he had never despaired of the cause of liberty. The people had become possessed of an ally which they could not oppose, the power of knowledge and the omnipotence of truth. As well might tyrants try, like Xerxes, to lash the waves into obedience,

or, like Canute, order them to retire, as to stop the progress of public knowledge or public liberty [cheers]. He might fairly say in the language of the Poet—

“ Tyrants, in vain ye trace the wizard ring,
In vain ye limit mind’s unweari’d spring;
What! would you chain the winged winds
asleep,
Arrest the rolling wood, or chain the deep?
No, the wild wave contemns your lifted hand,
It rolled not back when Canute gave command.”

He knew not whether he had quoted the Poet correctly, but he could never forget his sentiments, for he agreed with the same able writer, in the following lines:—

“ Yes, there are men prophetic hope may trust,
Who slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Who sternly marking on their native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish and the toil,
Shall make each righteous heart exult to see
Rights to the slave and vengeance to the free.”

The liberty of the Press — The health of Mr. Weatherstone and the Southwark Committee, were severally drunk; after which the several Members of Parliament retired for the purpose of attending their duties at St. Stephen’s.

Mr. Weatherstone was afterwards called to the Chair, and hilarity and good humour were preserved to a late hour.

—
This Colonel Torrens is or was a captain in some corps or other, and is a great trader in newspapers. He seems to have been the “*Ancient Pistol*” of the farce, while Mr. Weatherstone appears to have been Brookes of the Strand in a state of resurrection. Only think of Mr. Weatherstone being the ruler of a place like Southwark. One can easily see that it is he who gets Sir Robert Wilson returned. He has a little coterie of a committee. He carries on a

sort of junketting canvass. This thing is everlastingly in agitation. As soon as one election is over, preparations are going on for the next. Even men of sense are wheedled one by one to give their sanction to such proceedings. They get pledged and entangled, they know not well how; and, when the time comes, the cunning creatures carry their point, to the surprise of all those who have not perceived these petty movements. The people; the main body of the people of Southwark have no more to do with *choosing* Sir Robert Wilson than I have. They do not choose him. He is chosen somehow or other; and, to attempt to prevent it when the time comes will be in vain. All is prepared long beforehand by Weatherstone and Co. By the Committee, that committee which put Mr. Alderman Wood into the chair; that little intriguing indefatigable junto who manage every thing; who impose a member upon the people of Southwark, and who have their own little interests, too, as well as their inordinate vanity to gratify. A man of talent and of spirit; a man worthy of being elected for a place like Southwark or Middlesex or Westminster or London; such a man is incapable of bestowing compliments and blan-

dishments on people like Adams and Place and this Weatherstone and the like; such a man cannot condescend to be hypocrite enough to be hand and glove with such people, to affect to regard them as his equals, to bow to their wives, and affect to have a particular personal regard for the young snips and leather-cutters; such a man will see them and the seat in Parliament along with them at the devil before he will do these things; and therefore such a man can never be elected as long as the electors suffer themselves to be made the tools of an intriguing junto called a committee, which committee acts just upon the same principle that a boroughmonger would act, and all the difference between the two is that the boroughmonger is, as far as he has an opportunity of choosing, likely to make a better choice than the committee.

Let us now take these proceedings in the order in which they lie before us. JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON was, it seems, to have been in the chair. This selection, or appointment came naturally enough, after Mr. Lambton had taken upon him to be the representative of Southwark in the absence of Sir Robert Wilson. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT was to have been of the

party. How these two stars; these two blazing comets could have existed in the same firmament I know not; and, perhaps, it was a happy thing for the mortals beneath, that neither of them made their appearance in that firmament. To a regular system of humbug, there essentially belong pretended fits of the gout, and sham illnesses. No harlot knows better when and how to faint than your real humbug politician knows when and how to have a fit of the gout. Not one that ever picked cull's pocket, that made him believe she was dying from his absence, that twined her arms round his silly head and wept for joy at his return, while she had her real paramour locked up in the closet; no dear deluding devil of this description ever knew how to play off her ailments better than your thorough-paced "patriot." It would seem monstrous even to insinuate that these two admirers of purity and champions of liberty kept away expressly on this occasion; to insinuate such a thing would be deemed slander. I shall, therefore, not deal in insinuations; but state plain undeniable facts, and leave the public and particularly the two hundred and fifty cronies at the Horns, to draw the conclusion. The dinner was

held on Thursday. On that morning Mr. Lambton wrote that he could not go, having been confined to his bed *since* the Friday before. Sir Francis Burdett wrote that he could not go, because he laboured under a *severe fit of the gout*. Now, I assert that Sir Francis Burdett rode a black Arabian horse with a long tail by my door at Kensington on the Sunday evening previous to the above-mentioned Thursday. He was riding westward when I saw him, and therefore he might be going out of town. I also assert that Mr. Lambton was riding in Hyde Park at a very pretty canter on a little brown horse, and a servant following him on a little grey horse, the *Tuesday* previous to the abovesaid Thursday! Now, it is very certain that the gout might come on between Sunday evening and Thursday morning, and it is also certain that Mr. Lambton might have been confined to his bed *since* the Friday, though cantering in the Park on the Tuesday. But, it must be acknowledged that there was something extremely *unfortunate*; that it is hardly possible to conceive circumstances more froward than these two illnesses, coming on at just such a time. I can easily conceive that the baronet would

have a dislike to be at the Meeting while the coal-miner was in the chair. To *twinkle* while Mr. Lambton *blazed* would have been a terrible falling off for England's glory. Mr. Lambton seems to have beaten the baronet in the subscribing way. The thousand pounds for the Spaniards, or, rather, *for the Committee men*, who are to watch over the liberties of Spain; that thousand pounds, which would buy so many nice things, and pay so many long bills for gin and beer, and port wine and pipes and tobacco, by the means of which the Committee would destroy the Duke d'Angouleme and his army: this thousand pounds appears to have given Mr. Lambton a surprising elevation in the opinion of all the Rump Committees, who know as well as any people in England the useful purposes to which a thousand pounds may be applied. Sir Francis had lanced out only five hundred pounds; and, therefore, he was become only just half the man that Mr. Lambton was. Nobody understands the temper of Rump Committees better than the baronet. He knows the depth of their stomachs and the length of their consciences; and he knew very well that Mr. Lambton's thousand pounds had placed him at the head

of affairs. He could, indeed, have given two thousand himself, and then he would have given the other a tumble like that of a hoist into one of his coal-pits. If, instead of a note announcing the gout, the baronet had sent a note announcing his intention to give two thousand pounds into the hands of the Committee, his health would have been the very first to be given, instead of its not being given at all, though his worthy colleague, Mr. Hobhouse, appears to have begged hard for it, by pretending to thank the Meeting for the honour they had done the baronet. They passed him over in obstinate silence, while they toasted Mr. Lambton as the *zealous and undaunted* advocate of public liberty, *with three times three and loud and repeated cheering*. Aye, aye! They had the scent of the thousand pounds full in their noses! They were breast high here! They felt themselves close upon the haunches of a fat buck! All the delightful things which a thousand pounds enables a Rump Committee to do rushed into their minds, and they roared and cheered away like mad! Mr. Weatherstone gave this toast; and if he had been frank, he would have given the thousand pounds as a toast, and not Mr. Lambton. However, the baronet

knew well the effect of the thousand pounds; he knew what cheers he should have to endure the hearing of; no man living knew the quantity of cheering to be purchased by a thousand pounds better than he did; and he must have rejoiced when he found the friendly gout coming to his assistance.

The Committee having appointed Mr. Alderman Wood for their chairman, proceeded to business, and after some other little foolery of a more common-place kind, came the grand Toast of the day, which was this: "Our worthy and patriotic representative, Sir Robert Wilson, and may the spirit which he has evinced in the cause of freedom lead to the destruction of the Bourbon tyranny. Tune: 'See, the conquering hero comes.'" I disown these people. I do not belong to the same nation that they do. They are a mongrel crew, spewed out from some obscure and degenerate corner of the island. They are not English people. Those that could drink this toast, and under the actual circumstances, must be a set of creatures not higher in the scale of being than toads and frogs. The *conquering hero* indeed! What has he ever conquered? Does language like this become Englishmen? or, if it do,

what a set of vain, empty, bragging, lying, despicable dogs are we become! This man has never conquered any thing. This man has never known what it was to be in a victory, except in cases where there was a great superiority of force on his side. This man has been distinguished by nothing but by his prattle; and as to his conquering *now*; as to his being now a conquering hero, when it is notorious that those whose cause he went to espouse had been actually driven out of their country by those Frenchmen who it is pretended he assisted to conquer. As to his being now a conqueror or likely to be a conqueror, the idea could have found its way upon paper through the instrumentality of none but the silliest and most impudent of mankind.

Mark, too, the surprising folly of expecting that the *Bourbon tyranny will be destroyed* by causes proceeding from Sir Robert Wilson's spirit, from the spirit which he has evinced in the cause of freedom! There is cause and effect for you! There is precious folly! To be sure, if we could suppose that the power of the Bourbons could be destroyed by any thing that Sir Robert Wilson could do, we might reasonably be

expected to be fools enough to believe that it could be destroyed by his going to Spain; but was there ever in this world a sentiment so full of folly, so degrading to the character of men, as that the power of the family of Bourbon, who are at the head of the greatest kingdom in the world, who have just invaded and overrun another great kingdom; that this power could be overthrown, could be destroyed by an individual of any description; and especially by an individual possessing no power, no influence worth speaking of. Such a toast is a disgrace to the press through which it is circulated, and has a tendency to bring the whole country into contempt. It is necessary, therefore, that somebody express a disapprobation of it; it is necessary that we do something to clear ourselves from the charge of participating in such folly.

I have always doubted, and I still doubt, whether we ought to wish success to the Spanish revolutionists. Our wishes and our opinions, as to the result, are very different things. We might believe that the French would be successful, and we might, at the same time, not wish them to succeed. I, for my own part, always thought they would be successful,

and I always said as much. From the very beginning of the talk about the proceedings at Verona, I said that the French would invade Spain, and that they would go, without any impediment, to Madrid. I always laughed at the idea of a defection in the French army; and I always despised those who pretended to believe that those who assisted Wellington in driving out Joseph Buonaparte, would make any fight at all against the French, without English assistance. When they told us that Mr. CANNING had thrown his shield over the Peninsula, I besought my readers to laugh at the silly falsehood; and when they told us that our government would be in a dilemma, seeing that they had pledged themselves to defend Portugal against the French, I begged my readers to recollect that the Portuguese might be willing not to be defended. Hitherto every event has been according to my opinion; but then my *wishes* might be very different from this result. Hitherto I have expressed no very decided wish upon the subject, and, though the Meeting at the London Tavern, though this Purity-of-Election Dinner, though this trip of Sir ROBERT WILSON, though the toasts of these base and infamous

Rump Committees, these worst of boroughmongers, bribers and corruptors; though all these are quite enough to make one suspect the cause of Spain to be very bad, I still form my judgment of that cause from circumstances unconnected with the proceedings of these noisy blackguards in England. I see, what I have seen from the beginning; that is to say, a new government, which, as the means of upholding itself, has recourse to *loans*, and to the forming of a *national debt*. Now, I have no hesitation to say that there is nothing which is called *despotism*, nothing which is called *tyranny*; that there is no sort of government, that there is no state of things, which I do not sincerely and decidedly prefer to a state of things in which there shall be a *National Debt*. Turks, infidels, devils; a state of things in which there should be no security at all for property, in which there should be general robbery and scrambling going on, I prefer to that cool, quiet, placid state of degradation and infamy brought upon a country by a *National Debt*. From the Dey of Algiers, or from any other furious despot, men may be rescued by some chance or other. Even the negro slave has plenty to eat, at any rate, but for the

wretched creature, the fruit of whose labour is mortgaged while he is yet crying in the cradle, there is no escape. I see before my eyes; I see the big gaols and penitentiaries that have sprung up out of a National Debt. I see the big standing army in time of peace, sprung up out of a National Debt; I see the rich thousands, and the starving millions that have proceeded from this cause, and seeing these things, I am not to be induced to bawl aloud for the cause of Spain, as it is called, when I see that that cause, even before any attack from without, required a National Debt to support it. I believe that Spain would be filled with all the same sort of vermin that now swarm in England, if the National Debt Government were to be suffered to exist in Spain. I do not look upon it as freedom to be delivered from priests and put into the hands of jews. If I must have *Rothschild* in order to get rid of the Grand Inquisitor, let me keep the latter; for, if I will let religion alone, he will let me alone; but nothing can save me from the effects of the National Debt. In short, there is nothing; there is no evil that my mind can form an idea of that I would not gladly see England endure, if by the endurance of it the

hellish Stock Exchange and all belonging to it were sure to be destroyed. Therefore, these things taken into view, I cannot say that I have ever wished success to the Spaniards, leaving out of the question the demerits of the revolutionists with regard to *BUONAPARTE*. They assisted *WELLINGTON*; they helped to spend one hundred and fifty millions of our money; they helped to put down *BUONAPARTE*; they helped to add to, and to prolong the power of, our boroughmongers; they did us all the harm they could; but, leaving these grounds of resentment out of the question, thinking about nothing but what is now best for the people of Spain, I must confess that I cannot wish success to any system, to any revolution, that has to support itself by the creation of a *National Debt*.

The "*glorious revolution*," which took place in England about one hundred and thirty years ago; that glorious affair, undertaken by men who went by the name of *WHIGS*, and for the purpose of giving the people freedom, gave them a *National Debt*. Under the effects of that debt we are now writhing. It sticks to us like the "*accursed thing*;" it assails us in every stage of our existence; to get from it is impossible

without another revolution. Priests, inquisitors, familiars; very bad things, perhaps; but not a millionth part so bad as jews, jobbers, bankers and tax gatherers. In no country upon earth of equal population has there ever been known a quarter part so many persons punished, and particularly by death in consequence of legal crimes, as in this country. We put more men to death than all the nations of Europe. Within thirty years our goals have been trebled in size, and still they are too small. Essays on prison discipline, and on new modes of punishment are among the things most applauded in our day. The poor people are six times as numerous as they were thirty years ago. In a considerable part of the kingdom, people are shut up in their houses from sunset to sunrise. We have had an over-production of the necessities of life, and while these necessities were sending away from certain parts, by ship loads, in those very parts the people of whole parishes were receiving the extreme unction, as preparation for *death arising from starvation*. What! how! in what way, from what cause can a country suffer *more* than this. Did the devil himself, when he racked his

imagination to find out torments for Job; did he carry his most hellish malignity so far as to propose to spread a table before the sufferer and compel him to sit and look at the victuals while he perished with starvation? The devil never thought of such a thing; and never could scenes like this exist, except in consequence of a National Debt. Nothing but a taxing and a funding system could bend the mind of man to submit to such hellish cruelty. Describe, if you can, you who are the most eloquent of mankind, describe the wickedness of that system which can reduce part of the people to starve in the midst of plenty, while it puts arms into the hands of another part of that people, in order that the sufferers may be slaughtered if they attempt to relieve their sufferings. Describe, if you can, the wickedness of such a system; and, if you cannot describe it, am I to be insulted by being called upon to subscribe my money to be given to a rascally jagtailed Rump Committee, in order that such committee may lay it out in powder and ball for the purpose of destroying those, whose proceedings tend, at any rate, to prevent the establishment of a hellish National Debt System in Spain?

Thus am I very far, indeed, from saying that I wish success to the Spanish cause; and you will excuse me if I am the less anxious for that success, when I hear it prayed for by Mr. CANNING. Some person in Hampshire congratulated me, once, upon certain reverses experienced by BUONAPARTE, and it was observed by another person, at the same time, that GEORGE ROSE had been expressing *his* pleasure at those reverses. I desired the gentleman not to congratulate me. "What!" said he, "are you a friend of "BUONAPARTE's, then?" "No," friend, said I. I should not "care if BUONAPARTE were destroyed; but when I hear that "gentleman say that old GEORGE "ROSE is pleased at the defeat of "BUONAPARTE, I am quite sure "that old GEORGE ROSE is deceived in his calculations, or "that I ought to repine at BUONAPARTE's defeat." I was very sure that which was good for GEORGE ROSE was bad for me; and if Mr. CANNING be sincere, his prayers are a pretty good proof that I ought to hesitate a long while before I pray for the success of the Spaniards.

Viewed in another light, the defeat of the Spaniards may be very beneficial to us. In the first place,

it will deeply injure the jews and jobbers who hold Spanish bonds. It will give a good heavy blow to the knaves of the Stock Exchange. It will be a glorious circumstance, that the French, who were "*conquered*" only five or six years ago, have already marched and put down those who assisted to "*conquer*" them; those base paltrons who are ready to join the strongest party at all times, and who took pay in English coin for the bringing back of one of those BOURBONS of whom they have now too many. No matter that it is the Bourbons who are at the head of this invasion of Spain. No matter that the Bourbons participate, and participate largely in the fruit of the success. Their sway will not last for ever; and, in the mean time, they give their assistance in the punishing of those degenerate wretches, who, while they pocketed English money, brought back to govern Spain that very BOURBON who had made them over to BUONAPARTE.

Viewed as something that may shake the boroughs, the defeat of the Spaniards, the complete subjugation of Spain by the French, is a thing not to be overlooked; and I, for my part, am not for going "*a-coloneling*," but am for obtaining justice for ourselves and

for putting an end to English and Irish starvation. A fig for your "*independance*;" for your "*national independance*," and all such fine things; give me a stop to the plunderings of the borough-mongers and the restoration of a belly-full of victuals to the people of England and Ireland. Those are the things that I want to see; and, if the total subjugation of Spain by the French, would have a tendency to produce these, I should have no hesitation in expressing my anxious wish to see that subjugation; because, understand me, I am quite certain that that subjugation would not produce a quarter part of the sufferings that would be inflicted by the new Government; by the "*free Government*," upheld by a National Debt. Now, such complete subjugation; such complete joining of Spain on to France, would make France very powerful; would make her very strong; and, of course, most unconscionably insolent. Both Bourbons and people detest us. They envy us that which they look upon as our wealth. It is not wealth: it is tax gathering; but, though it starves the millions, it makes a great show. The Bourbons remember our paring of their nails; and the French people remember *Waterloo*, and the mil-

lions of Cossacks and other Northern herdes. Being strong, the French will be insolent. They will soon put our vanity to the trial. They will, in short, go on till they have brought us upon our knees, unless we get rid of this Debt. They know well that we cannot go to war as long as that Debt remain. They will goad us, therefore; and it will finally be openly acknowledged by the Government itself, that a blowing up of the Debt, or a submission to France, is our lot. Whenever that open avowal comes, the boroughs are smitten; for never can the Debt be reduced without a Reform of the Parliament. Complete subjugation of Spain by the French would have a tendency to hasten these circumstances; therefore it is by no means clear that, if we are to subscribe money at all, we ought not to subscribe in order to increase the chances of that subjugation.

If, indeed, a defeat of the French, and a driving back of their army promised us a pretty certain overthrow of the Bourbons; if it promised us another ouster of that family, another overrunning of the Netherlands and of Holland, and, of course, a thorough-going reform of our own System; if a driving back

of the French army promised us any thing like this, it would be another matter. But, these cock-combs of revolutionists in Spain, so far from giving us any hope that they would attempt such a thing, take the present opportunity of going back to 1793-4-5, and of repeating the old **GEORGE-ROSE**-charges against the French; and of abusing those French for attempting to induce other countries to adopt their example. In short, the very grounds, upon which **SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH** and most of the other eulogists of the Spaniards, found the claims of those Spaniards to our assistance, are, that those Spaniards by no means wish to give encouragement to any other oppressed people to shake off the yoke of their tyrants. What more, however do we want than to see that the Spanish cause, as it is called, is so warmly espoused by the *Whigs*? Never did they yet espouse any cause that was not, at the bottom, inimical to freedom. All the alterations in our own constitution; all those alterations which have by degrees brought us into our present state, we owe to the *Whigs*. **BURKE**'s pensions we owe to the *Whigs*; but, above all things, to them we owe the accursed National Debt.

The infamous Stock Exchange, the infamous traffic in seats; and when we see them, eager to establish a something in Spain, it becomes us to hesitate before we give our approbation of that something. Another circumstance is, the character of the parties that take the lead upon these occasions. I noticed, in a late Number, the extreme impudence of those who put themselves forward as leaders in this case. We find pretty nearly the same actors here, at the Horns at Kennington, as we met with, the other day at the London Tavern. **LORD ERSKINE** seems to be in a state of constant requisition. I noticed, the other day, how well it would become him to be rather shy in such a case, seeing that, for fifteen months' service, as Lord Chancellor, he had already received in pension, nearly seventy thousand pounds. He, Mr. Hobhouse, and the rest of them who were present upon this occasion, know very well what I then said. They know that many thousands will despise them for their impudence and emptiness; but they also know that five or six times as many thousands, who will read their pompous trash in the newspapers, will never have read what I say. They do not care a

straw about being despised by the sensible part of the community so long as they get the stupid buzz of the unthinking rabble, who sit at the tables upon occasions like this. To a consciousness of this sort; we have to ascribe the repetition here of the old Toast, "*LORD ERSKINE and Trial by Jury*," which in a few words, gives us, I think, the strongest instance of human impudence that ever was witnessed. This lord was about thirty years a Member of the House of Commons. During that time more, probably, than five hundred Acts of Parliament were passed, every one of which chipped away something of the trial by jury; and never, during that whole time, did he do any one act to prevent such chipping away. Revenue law after revenue law, and game law after game law; law after law, giving powers to justices of the peace, kept on chipping away the trial by jury; till, at last, about two-thirds of the punishments inflicted were inflicted without trial by jury; and during this whole time, not one word did this gentleman ever utter to prevent this gradual destruction of trial by jury. Nobody applied for special juries more frequently than himself; and never did he make one single attempt to alter the monstrous law relating to spe-

cial juries. He was Lord Chancellor at one time. Did he propose any alteration of the law regarding special juries? Nay, was nothing done during his administration more outrageous against jury trials than ever was attempted in the days of the Stuarts. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, in his pompous style, calls you "*Men of Southwark*." If you be men, then, and not those senseless brutes which these pompous political mountebanks would seem to regard you, listen to me now, and you two hundred and fifty who were present upon this occasion, prepare to blush for your conduct. You gave us a Toast, "*Lord ERSKINE and Trial by Jury*." Now mark, then. You gave this toast with "*Three times three*," and "*long-continued shouts*." Now then observe, the most dreadful departure from the law of trial by jury, a departure of which the Stuarts never dreamed, was that law by which the people in Ireland may be *transported without trial by jury*. This law was passed in 1807; and this law was actually drawn up and prepared by the Whig ministry of which this very Lord ERSKINE was the Lord CHANCELLOR! There! nothing more need be said: Go drink the toast again: repeat the long-con-

tinued shouting, and be for ever the contempt of mankind.

This is, however, after all, a no very singular instance of the impudence of these political mountebanks, for whom there is nothing too impudent or too foolish, and for whose hearers nothing appears to be better suited than impudence and folly. The personage who had just been toasted, having, amongst the rest of his nonsense, talked about the time when he must die, the surprisingly wise Mr. John Cam Hobhouse took occasion to observe, that he must decidedly disapprove of what the noble person had said upon that subject; and, by-the-by, the noble person, in the excess of his humility and love of freedom, had taken occasion to observe that he belonged to the aristocracy by birth. How strong the spirit of stupid pride must be at work in him, when he could not keep it quiet even for one moment upon such an occasion! To return to the *dying*, Mr. Hobhouse observed that he could not refrain from disapproving of what the noble person had said upon that subject. He said that such a man as LORD ERSKINE could *never die*. The nonsense which he subjoined to this would be totally unworthy of any body but

a fellow in Saint Giles's, crying drunk. "*Mine antient Pistol*," Torrens, appears to have endeavoured to equal Mr. Hobhouse; for, somebody having spoken of Sir Robert Wilson as absent, the Colonel (who is no more a colonel than I am) asserted that he was not absent; for that, though his body was not actually in the room, his *spirit was*! If the Colonel could possibly have heard, at the time when he made his speech, of Sir Robert's adventure in Portugal, one might suppose him to have meant that the knight's ghost was really in the room; for the body seems to have had but a narrow escape. The Colonel's poetry seems to have formed a very happy conclusion to the piece. It certainly was as appropriate as any other part of the speeches, except, perhaps, that part of his own speech, in which he asserted the zeal of soldiers in the cause of liberty, which was so very applicable to the case in question, when the news had just arrived of the Portuguese counter-revolution having been effected *by the soldiers*! "*Mine antient Pistol*, seems to be an uncommon bluff-headed being, or he would have recollected that WASHINGTON, like JACKSON, and the rest of the American generals,

was not, like Sir ROBERT WILSON, a soldier *by trade*; but that he was a man, who took up arms for the occasion; who took up arms to prevent himself and his country from being subdued and enslaved by the soldiers of regular standing armies. Washington was a farmer; Jackson was a lawyer, and all the American generals were either farmers, lawyers, doctors or merchants. None of them were *bred* soldiers. None of them had bought their commissions. None of them had spent the greater part of their lives against freedom and in favour of despotism, as Sir ROBERT WILSON has done; and yet, "*Mine antient Pistol*," TORRENS, calls Sir Robert Wilson "*the Washington of England*." What a ridiculous buffoon! just as if there had been a civil war in England, and Sir ROBERT WILSON had been the General-in-Chief on the popular side! What such a man as TORRENS says, is, indeed unworthy of notice. This impudent and foolish speech would deserve not the smallest attention; but it is sent forth under the sanction of the Electors of the Borough of Southwark. It goes forth as being yours, in some sort; and it makes you ridiculous, and exposes you to contempt and scorn.

I would add a few remarks on

the expressions of that bright youth, the Member for the County of Middlesex, to get whom elected there was such a bustle and stir amongst the people, and amongst the good people, too, of the County. It is BYNE's seat just as much as if it belonged to a borough; and it is just as well to be so, as that there should be an election to put in a man like the brewer. The thing is carried by a parcel of knavish Committee-men; and the people have, in reality, nothing to do with the matter. I here close my observations, and I hope it is the last time that I shall have to notice such a farce performed in any part of the County of Surrey. You, the Electors of Southwark, are the principal inhabitants of a populous and opulent town. You ought to have too much sense to suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by a set of tricking politicians. To be sure, there were but *two hundred and fifty*, who assembled upon this occasion, and probably the half of them were a detachment from the Westminster Rump; but the body called itself the Electors of the *Borough of Southwark*. All its impudence and nonsense went forth as sanctioned by you; and, therefore, you will, another time, do well to dis-

claim all approbation or sanction of such proceedings. Look at the men that figured upon this occasion. Look at their conduct, including that of the two Members for Southwark, see if they ever have proposed one single thing for the benefit of the country. See if any thing have proceeded from any of them but mere empty noise. Upon one occasion only have I seen any of them really active, and then they were active in order to prevent the success of the only good measure ever proposed by Mr. BROUGHAM, a measure which arose with that gentleman himself, which would have been of infinite service to the country, and which, I verily believe, they prevented from being carried, their motives manifestly being those of selfishness and of envy. They had not the power to carry a measure; but they had the power to mar one. Like *Coke*, in Norfolk, impotent as to good; but powerful as to evil. Drive then from you this crew of despicable politicians. Disclaim their proceedings; convince the country that the Electors of the Borough of Southwark are not come to that state when they think it an honour to be presided over, and to be led by such men as Lord ERSKINE, Mr. HOBHOUSE, and *Pistol Torrens*. In fact,

there appears to have been nobody belonging to the borough to take any part in the proceedings, except Mr. WEATHERSTONE, who would appear to be boroughmonger of the town. All the rest were utter strangers; and, take the thing altogether, any thing more degrading to you it is not easy to conceive.

When the next Election approaches, pray ask your Members what they have done for you, and do not forget to inquire what duties Mr. LAMBTON has performed, as the deputy of Sir ROBERT WILSON. This is the great *reformer*, and he has found out that it is fitting for him to be deputy of another Member. In the history of boroughmongering I know of nothing so flagrantly impudent as this; nothing so barefaced, nothing so unreservedly insolent. It seems to have been the result of a bargain amongst your boroughmonger, WEATHERSTONE, Sir ROBERT WILSON and Mr. LAMBTON. There is this consolation, however, that justice is sure to take place; because, if you have the spirit of freemen, you will resent this affront; and, if you have not, you are slaves, and are perfectly worthy of such treatment.

Hoping that the former is the case, and that you will take an

early opportunity of showing these impudent mountebanks that you are not to be cheated by their tricks, I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Countryman, Friend, and
Most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

STRAW PLAT.

If any one wishes to purchase straw for platting, such will be found at the Office of the Register, 183, Fleet-street. The parcels are of different weight, fineness and price. I have the pleasure to inform the Public that this affair is making great progress. I have no doubt that plenty of hats and bonnets will be in the shops in a month's time, made from our own English straw. I think I shall have some myself in the course of three weeks. In the mean time, I hear of a man named W. FREDERICK BROWN, of Dunstable, who pretends that the discovery made by me is by *no means a new one*, he having found out the way to do the same thing, *many years since*. He talks of having grown specimens of the various grasses. I have "*grown*" none of the grasses.

He has sown wheat, rye and oats very thick, and found that it would not answer. I have sown neither, but have found them ready sown to my hand, and have found that it *does* answer. He says that I now assume the merit of having *discovered* something, and he says that he made the same kind of plat years ago. What nonsense is all this? If he did make the discovery, why did he not make it known to the public? He either did not make it; or, having made it, wanted either the will or the capacity to communicate it to the nation at large. He says (I must insert his letter another time) that he went to see Miss Woodhouse's bonnet, and that he told the lady at the Society Rooms that he should ultimately bring to perfection a better bonnet made from the produce of our own soil. *Ultimately!* Aye, but when. This shows, according to his own confession, that he did not know how to do it. This BROWN must be an exceedingly mean dog. He has, I hear, been a great plat-buyer all his life. This discovery of mine thwarts him apparently. He must tell falsehoods. What he says about the wheat and rye is absolutely false. I will insert his letter next week, and will only add here a very curious fact;

namely, that, when I introduced the Swedish Turnip culture into the fields of America, and when people began to praise the thing in the newspapers, a fellow there said that I *assumed* the merit that did not belong to me; for that he *introduced the culture thirty years before*. The only difference was, that I got the country to receive the culture; and he got the country to *reject* it. It is odd enough that that envious fellow, like this, had the christian name of FREDERICK! Both of them are of German birth, I hope.

BOURBON WAR.

Papers laid before Parliament.
April 14, 1823.

(Concluded from p. 764.)

No. XLI.—Sir Wm. A'Court to Mr. Secretary Canning.—Received March 18, at night.

Madrid, March 9, 1823.

(Extract.)

I saw M. de San Miguel this morning, and to my great astonishment, he asked me what were the precise conditions required by France, in case any questions should be asked him in Cortes. I repeated to him the conditions stated in Sir C. Stuart's despatch of the 10th February, and those (hardly to be considered official) contained in the same Ambassador's despatch of the 21st February*; and, ac-

* See No. 33, a Copy of which was received by Sir William A'Court, subsequently to his Letter of the 5th March.

cording to his request, I sent him, upon my return home, an extract from the despatch of the 10th Feb.

What is in agitation I know not. He told me he should say nothing upon the subject, unless called upon by the Cortes; and that if any negotiations were entered into, he would not be the person to negotiate.

I should only mislead you, if I were to attempt to give any explanation of this singular conversation.

No. XLII.—Sir William A'Court to Mr. Secretary Canning.—Received March 25.

Madrid, March 11, 1823.

(Extract.)

In a few hurried lines, written as the last Courier was setting off, I communicated to you a singular conversation which had passed between M. de San Miguel and myself.

I forbore to express my opinion upon this conversation; but whatever hopes some of his expressions were calculated to excite, are now entirely at an end.

No. XLIII.—Mr. Secretary Canning to Sir Charles Stuart.

Foreign Office, March 31, 1823.

SIR,—The hopes of an accommodation between France and Spain, which His Majesty has so long been encouraged to cherish, in despite of all unfavourable appearances, being now unhappily extinguished, I am commanded by His Majesty to address to your Excellency, for the purpose of being communicated to the French Minister, the following explanation of the sentiments of your Government upon the present posture of affairs between those two kingdoms.

The King has exhausted his endeavours to preserve the peace of Europe.

The question of an interference in the internal concerns of Spain,

on account of the troubles and distractions which have for some time prevailed in that Kingdom, was not one on which His Majesty could for himself, entertain a moment's hesitation. If His Majesty's Plenipotentiary at Verona did not decline taking part in the deliberations of the Allied Cabinets upon that question, it was because His Majesty owed to his Allies, upon that as upon every other subject, a sincere declaration of his opinions; and because he hoped that a friendly and unreserved communication might tend to the preservation of general peace.

The nature of the apprehensions which had induced the King of France to assemble an army within his own frontier, upon the borders of Spain, had been indicated, in the first instance, by the designation of the "Cordon Sanitaire." The change of that designation to that of an "Army of Observation" (which took place in the month of September last) did not appear to His Majesty to imply more, than that the defensive system originally opposed to the contagion of physical disease, would be continued against the possible inconveniences, moral or political, which might arise to France from a civil contest raging in a country separated from the French territory only by a conventional line of demarcation. The dangers naturally incident to an unrestrained intercourse between two countries so situated towards each other—the dangers of political intrigue, or of occasional violation of territory, might sufficiently justify preparations of military defence.

Such was the state of things between France and Spain at the opening of the Congress at Verona. The propositions brought forward by the French Plenipotentiary in the conferences of the Allied Cabinets, were founded on this state of things. Those propositions did not relate to any project of carrying

attack into the heart of the Spanish Monarchy, but were in the nature of inquiries:—1st. What countenance France might expect to receive from the Allies, if she should find herself under the necessity of breaking off diplomatic intercourse with the Court of Madrid? And 2dly. What assistance in supposed cases of outrage to be committed, or of violence to be menaced, by Spain? These cases were all contingent and precautionary. The answers of the three Continental Powers were of a correspondent character.

The result of the discussions at Verona, was a determination of His Majesty's Allies, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia—1st. To make known to the Cabinet of Madrid, through their respective Ministers at that Court, their sentiments upon the necessity of a change in the present system of the Spanish Government; and, in the event of an unsatisfactory answer to that communication, to recal their respective Ministers; and to break off all diplomatic intercourse with Spain. 2dly. To make common cause with France against Spain, in certain specified cases; cases, as has been already observed, altogether contingent and precautionary.

His Majesty's Plenipotentiary declined concurring in these measures, not only because he was unauthorized to pledge the faith of his Government to any hypothetical engagement, but because his Government had, from the month of April 1820, uniformly recommended to the Powers of the Alliance to abstain from all interference in the internal affairs of Spain; and because, having been from the same period entirely unacquainted with whatever transactions might have taken place between France and Spain, his Government could not judge on what grounds the Cabinet of the Tuile-

ries meditated a possible discontinuance of diplomatic relations with the Court of Madrid; or on what grounds they apprehended an occurrence, apparently so improbable, as a commencement of hostilities against France by Spain.

No proof was produced to His Majesty's Plenipotentiary of the existence of any design on the part of the Spanish Government, to invade the territory of France; of any attempt to introduce disaffection among her soldiery; or of any project to undermine her political institutions; and so long as the struggles and disturbances of Spain should be confined within the circle of her own territory, they could not be admitted by the British Government to afford any plea for foreign interference. If the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century saw all Europe combined against France, it was not on account of the internal changes which France thought necessary for her own political and civil reformation; but because she attempted to propagate, first her principles, and afterwards her dominion, by the sword.

Impossible as it was for His Majesty to be party to the measures concerted at Verona with respect to Spain, His Majesty's Plenipotentiary declared, that the British Government could only endeavour through His Majesty's Minister at the Court of the Catholic King, "to allay the ferment which those measures might occasion at Madrid, and to do all the good in his power."

Up to this period no communication had taken place between His Majesty and the Court of Madrid, as to the discussions at Verona. But about the time of the arrival of His Majesty's Plenipotentiary, on his return from Verona, at Paris, Spain expressed a desire for the "friendly interposition" of His Majesty, to avert the calamities of war. Spain distinctly limit-

ed this desire to the employment of such "good offices" on the part of Great Britain, as would not be inconsistent with "the most strictly conceived system of neutrality."—Nor has any period occurred throughout the whole of the intercourse of the British Government with Spain, at which the Spanish Government has been for one moment led, by that of Great Britain, to believe that the policy of His Majesty in a contest between France and Spain would be other than neutral.

In pursuance of this request, and of his previous declaration at Verona, His Majesty's Plenipotentiary received instructions at Paris to make to the French Government the offer of His Majesty's mediation. In making this offer the British Government deprecated, from motives of expediency as well as from considerations of justice, the employment towards Spain of a language of reproach or of intimidation. They represented as matter of no light moment, the first breach, by whatever Power, of that general pacific settlement which had been so recently established, and at the cost of so many sufferings and sacrifices to all nations. Nor did they disguise from the French Government, the anxiety with which they looked forward to all the possible issues of a new war in Europe, if once begun.

In addition to suggestions such as these, the British Government endeavoured to learn from the Cabinet of the Tuileries, the nature and amount of the specific grievances, of which His Most Christian Majesty complained, against Spain; and of such specific measures of redress or conciliation on the part of Spain, as would arrest the progress of His Most Christian Majesty's warlike preparations.

The French Government declined the formal mediation of His Majesty; alleging, in substance, that the necessity of its warlike prepa-

rations was founded, not so much upon any direct cause of complaint against Spain, which might be susceptible of accurate specification and of practical adjustment, as upon the general position in which the two kingdoms found themselves placed towards each other;—upon the effect which all that was passing and had been for some time passing in Spain, produced upon the peace and tranquillity of His Most Christian Majesty's dominions;—upon the burdensomeness of that defensive armament which France had thought herself obliged to establish on her frontier towards Spain, and which it was alike inconvenient to her to maintain, or, without some change of circumstances which would justify such change of counsel, to withdraw; upon a state of things in short, which it was easier to understand than to define; but which, taken altogether, was so intolerable to France, that open hostility would be far preferable to it. War would at least have a tendency to some conclusion; whereas the existing state of the relations between France and Spain might continue for an indefinite time; increasing every day the difficulties of Spain, and propagating disquietude and alarm throughout the French Army and Nation.

But although His Most Christian Majesty's Government declined on these grounds, a formal mediation, they professed an earnest desire for peace, and accepted His Majesty's "good offices" with Spain for that object.

Contemplating all the mischiefs which war might inflict upon France, and through France ultimately perhaps upon all Europe; and which it must inflict, more immediately and inevitably, upon Spain, whose internal animosities and agitations a foreign war could not but exasperate and prolong, the British Government was deeply impressed with the necessity of peace from both Kingdoms; and

resolved, therefore, whether invested or not with the formal character of mediator, to make every effort, and to avail itself of every chance, for the prevention of hostilities. The question was now become a question simply and entirely between Spain and France; and the practical point of inquiry was not so much how the relations of those two Governments had been brought into their present awkward complication; as how that complication could be solved, without recourse to arms, and an amicable adjustment produced, through mutual explanation and concession.

Nothing could have induced His Majesty to suggest to the Spanish nation a revision of its political institutions, as the price of His Majesty's friendship. But Spaniards, of all parties and descriptions, admitted some modifications of the Constitution of 1812 to be indispensably necessary; and if in such a crisis as that in which Spain now found herself, distracted at once by the miseries of civil war, and by the apprehension of foreign invasion, the adoption of modifications, so admitted to be desirable in themselves, might afford a prospect of composing her internal dissensions, and might at the same time furnish to the French Government a motive for withdrawing from the menacing position which it had assumed towards Spain, the British Government felt that no scruple of delicacy, no fear of misconstruction, ought to restrain them from avowing an earnest wish, that the Spaniards could prevail upon themselves to consider of such modifications, or at least to declare their disposition to consider of them hereafter.

It is useless now to discuss what might have been the result of His Majesty's anxious endeavours to bring about an accommodation between France and Spain, if nothing had occurred to interrupt their progress. Whatever might

be the indisposition of the Spanish Government to take the first step towards such an accommodation, it cannot be disguised that the principles avowed, and the pretensions put forward by the French Government in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Chambers at Paris, created new obstacles to the success of friendly intervention. The communication of that Speech to the British Government was accompanied, indeed, with renewed assurances of the pacific disposition of France; and the French Ministers adopted a construction of the passage most likely to create an unfavourable impression in Spain, which stripped it of a part of its objectionable character. But all the attempts of the British Government to give effect at Madrid to such assurances and explanations proved unavailing. The hopes of success became gradually fainter, and have now vanished altogether.

It remains only to describe the conduct which it is His Majesty's desire and intention to observe, in a conflict between two nations, to each of whom His Majesty is bound by the ties of Amity and Alliance.

The repeated disavowal, by His Most Christian Majesty's Government, of all views of ambition and aggrandisement, forbids the suspicion of any design on the part of France, to establish a permanent military occupation of Spain; or to force His Catholic Majesty into any measures derogatory to the independence of his Crown, or to his existing relations with other Powers.

The repeated assurances which His Majesty has received of the determination of France to respect the dominions of His Most Faithful Majesty, relieve His Majesty from any apprehension of being called upon to fulfil the obligations of that intimate defensive connexion, which has so long subsisted between the Crowns of Great Britain and Portugal.

With respect to the Provinces in America, which have thrown off their allegiance to the Crown of Spain, time and the course of events appear to have substantially decided their separation from the Mother Country; although the formal recognition of those Provinces, as Independent States, by His Majesty, may be hastened or retarded by various external circumstances, as well as by the more or less satisfactory progress, in each State, towards a regular and settled form of Government. Spain has long been apprised of His Majesty's opinions upon this subject. Disclaiming in the most solemn manner any intention of appropriating to himself the smallest portion of the late Spanish possessions in America, His Majesty is satisfied that no attempt will be made by France, to bring under her dominion any of those possessions, either by conquest, or by cession, from Spain.

This frank explanation upon the points on which perhaps alone the possibility of any collision of France with Great Britain can be apprehended in a war between France and Spain, your Excellency will represent to M. de Chateaubriand, as dictated by an earnest desire to be enabled to preserve in that war a strict and undeviating neutrality: a neutrality not liable to alteration towards either party, so long as the honour and just interests of Great Britain are equally respected by both.

I am commanded, in conclusion, to direct your Excellency to declare to the French Minister, that His Majesty will be at all times ready to renew the interposition of his good offices, for the purpose of terminating those hostilities, which His Majesty has so anxiously, although ineffectually, endeavoured to avert. I am, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

His Excellency the Rt. Hon.

Sir C. Stuart, G. C. B.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 21st June.

Per Quarter.		
	s.	d.
Wheat	61	0
Rye	37	5
Barley	33	0
Oats	25	8
Beans	34	1
Peas	37	10

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 21st June.

Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	Average,	s.	d.
Wheat..7,063 for 22,153	14	7		62	8	
Barley..1,062....	1,765	6	4	33	2	
Oats ..14,822....	19,470	13	1	25	10	
Rye						
Beans ..1,075....	1,741	12	1	32	4	
Peas.....81....	155	3	6	33	3	

Monday, June 30.—Last week there was another large arrival of Irish Oats, but not much Grain of any other description. This morning there were but few fresh samples of Corn from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, and scarcely any thing fresh up from more distant parts. The favourable change in the weather has occasioned our Millers to purchase with more reluctance, and although the prime parcels of Wheat have rather exceeded the terms of this day se'nnight, yet there has been so little business done, that we do not alter our last quotations.

Barley that is sweet fully maintains the terms of last week. Beans have no alteration. Pease of both kinds are rather dearer. Good English Oats have obtained an advance of 1s. per qr. on the terms of this day se'nnight, but Irish Oats are not any higher. In the Flour trade there is not any alteration.

Quarters of English Grain, &c. arrived Coastwise, from June 23 to June 28, inclusive.

Wheat.. 3,266	Pease.....250
Barley.... 684	Tares..... —
Malt.....2,185	Linseed.... —
Oats.... 3,442	Rape..... 72
Rye..... 20	Brank.....120
Beans... 580	Mustard.... —

Various Seeds, 126 qrs.

Flour 5,805 sacks.

From Ireland.—Wheat 275; and Oats 16,290 qrs.—Flour 140 sacks. Foreign.—Oats 130; Linseed 2,768; and Hemp 55 qrs. Flour 240 barrels.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, June 30th.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	6	to 4	2
Mutton.....	3	4	—	4 0
Veal.....	3	4	—	4 4
Pork.....	3	6	—	4 2
Lamb	4	0	—	4 8

Beasts ... 2,387 | Sheep ... 23,570
Calves 300 | Pigs 180

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	0	to 3	8
Mutton.....	2	8	—	3 4
Veal.....	3	0	—	5 0
Pork.....	2	8	—	4 4
Lamb	3	8	—	4 8

LEADENHALL (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	8	to 4	0
Mutton.....	3	0	—	3 6
Veal.....	3	0	—	4 6
Pork.....	2	8	—	4 0
Lamb.....	4	0	—	5 0

City, 2 July 1823.

BACON.

We find that the long continuance of cool weather, has induced the manufacturers in Ireland to go on killing, and making up

Bacon for this Market; so that the whole imports of the present year, will probably much exceed those of last year: and last year there was more than was wanted. Unless hot weather set in, and continue for some time too, we see no likelihood of much more being consumed at the present prices. They will act wisely, who, on this occasion shall be guided by the maxim, that "*the first loss is best*:" some, we think, must lose, and heavily too. All agree that the price has been run up too high; and if it had been the work of a few, the many would have been loud in their reprobation of it; which is clearly evinced in the conduct of those who have sold out, and who are now laughing at those who continue to hold.—On Board, 39s. to 40s.—Landed, 42s. to 44s.

BUTTER.

The country people are beginning to buy, and will probably give prices too high to admit of profit being made here. From some cause or other the Dutchmen always take the lead; and, upon the whole, get the best prices.—Dutch, 84s. to 86s.—Waterford, 78s. to 80s.—Dorset, 44s. to 46s.—York, 38s. to 42s.

CHEESE.

The Cheese trade is very dull. Some kinds are scarce, and prices proportionably high. — Cheshire, Old, 60s. to 70s.; New, 54s. to 64s.—Derby, 64s. to 68s.—Double Gloucester, 66s. to 68s.; Single, 48s. to 60s.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware	£ 7	0	to	£ 10	0
Middlings.....	4	0	—	6	0
Chats.....	1	10	—	3	10
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0

BOROUGH.—per Cwt.

Ware.....	£ 0	10	to	£ 0	12
Middlings.....	0	5	—	0	6
Chats.....	0	2	—	0	3
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay	75s.	to	105s.
Straw ...	45s.	to	50s.
Clover ..	80s.	to	120s.
St. James's.—Hay.....	68s.	to	94s.
Straw... ..	42s.	to	60s.
Clover... ..	90s.	to	110s.
Whitechapel.—Hay ..	86s.	to	110s.
Straw.	44s.	to	52s.
Clover ..	90s.	to	126s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

New Bags.

Kent....	£ 3	0	to	£ 4	10
Sussex....	2	16	—	3	10
Essex....	0	0	—	0	0
Yearling Bags.....	35s.	—	45s.		

New Pockets.

Kent....	£ 3	5	to	£ 5	0
Sussex....	3	3	—	4	4
Essex....	3	5	—	4	4
Farnham..	0	0	—	0	0
Yearling Pockets...	40s.	—	56s.		

Maidstone, June 26.—There has been a great increase of vermin during this last week, and many of the Hop gardens are as full of lice as ever remembered; still the bine keeps growing and holds its colour: this, in the opinion of many, is rather favourable, but the general idea here is, the Duty now laid at 68,000*l.* is considerably overrated. The trade far from brisk, and not much doing.